

Torrance Herald

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The Tar Merchants

Charges of corruption in city ranks are still being tossed around freely—particularly by the "outs" who would like to be the "ins" after April 14.

Demands have been voiced publicly by two candidates now that Mayor Albert Isen resign.

Billboards dotted around the city call for an end to "corruption."

Another candidate warned this week in a press release that "the corruption already uncovered by the Attorney General's office will seem like Sunday School" if voters don't throw out present members of the City Council.

We wonder if these candidates know something the rest of us do not! No one yet has spelled out a single case in which any member of the City Council has been a party to "corruption."

No one yet has explained why the attorney general or the district attorney merely made a written report to members of the City Council instead of going to a grand jury if they are aware of "corruption."

None of the candidates making the "corruption" charges—so far as we can determine—has sought to have those guilty of "corruption" brought before a grand jury, or a court of law.

Has the attorney general—or the district attorney—abandoned the duty of his office by failing to prosecute someone in Torrance guilty of "corruption?"

By the same measure, is one of the candidates now yelling about "corruption" failing his duty as a citizen by not making officials and the public aware of the "corruption" which concerns them?

We believe that the smearing of the city with general "corruption" charges by the very men who seek to have themselves elected to the City Council diminishes their right to be considered for the posts.

Torrance has been tarred with a very broad brush for several months. It's a shame that the tarring must be continued as an election campaign vehicle.

It's one thing the city could get along without, thank you.

Student Wishes Denied

We do not know what behind the scenes advice members of the El Camino Board of Trustees received relative to the ruckus on campus this week about the circulation of an off-campus publication purporting to be an independent journal of news and expression "dedicated to a free student dialogue."

Whatever advice the trustees received, their approval Monday night of the demand that the magazine be permitted campus distribution ran counter to the actions of the students. After learning that the publication would carry material calling for an end to the House Committee on Un-American Activities; the state loyalty oath; and national acts requiring members of the Communist party to register, the student council voted 10-3 to ban it on campus.

The trustees, however, after the appearance of attorney A. L. Wirin before them, agreed to permit the questionable publication on campus.

They say one should always listen to their elders, but in this case, the trustees should have heeded the wishes of the students.

Stan 'The Man' Saluted

Baseball fans the length and breadth of the land can cheer the announcement that Stan "The Man" Musial has been selected by President Johnson to head the national physical fitness council. The decision to call on Mr. Musial for this task was a sensible, and popular, move.

During a long major league career which he ended last fall, Mr. Musial has been the personification of the American ideal in sports—he had physical fitness, courage, intellect, sportsmanship, and leadership.

Mr. Musial's fans number into the many thousands and we happily join them in saluting his new assignment. We know he will devote the same skill and energy to this important task he has demonstrated over a memorable career as one of America's outstanding baseball players.

Opinions of Others

The Post Office Department tries to draw the line as to what is acceptable in the U. S. mails, but law suits reverse these rulings from time to time . . . We understand the feelings and intentions of most of those who would legislate against pornography, but we think a positive answer is needed instead of a negative one. Efforts to legislate personal morals bring continuing troubles and hard feelings without solving the problems. The helpful approach to personal morals is not through law, we think, but through education and the building of understanding. Through striking the positive spark within the person—or allowing, with endless patience and a wise "hands off policy," that positive spark to generate itself and grow within the individual human soul. —Juneau (Alaska) Empire.

One of President Johnson's latest promises is a housing project that will put "every American family in a decent home in a decent neighborhood." That is a wonderful dream, but it is hardly realistic. Should not the federal government's concern be the establishment of an economic condition in which Americans can provide the sort of homes their families need? The President's proposal would seem to have a trend toward the regimentation of families, an establishment of federal standards of family living, paid for by federal funds. —Wildwood (N.J.) Leader.

LBJ 'Isometric Exercise' Chart



ROYCE BRIER

Mao's Paper Tiger May Get Some Teeth One Day

Mao Tse-tung, the kindly old gentleman who does the political thinking for a fourth of mankind, usually expresses himself in tracts explaining what Marx meant in the 'Manifesto' 116 years ago.

For a few years these expressions have been to the effect that there is one guy in the world who doesn't know Marx from a hot rock, and that guy is Nikita Khrushchev.

But Mao's animadversions are normally as arid as the Gobi Desert, and he didn't know he would move into the world when he became chums with President de Gaulle. He didn't know he would encounter six French "parliamentarians" who would wangle an interview. As French parliamentarians seem to be hybrid, half newspapermen, Mao's notions duly appeared in 'Paris-Presses.'

First, Comrade Mao teed off on Comrade Khrushchev, alluding to him as "that paper tiger."

This was not unexpected,

as Comrade Khrushchev had paper-tigered Comrade Mao last year, warning him the United States is NOT a paper tiger.

Mao continued in the recent Red China vein that the United States and the Soviet Union are conniving to dominate the world, and discussed alleged Sino-French plans for averting this sinister plot.

But then he gave us a subject for meditation. He said Red China and the United States could be friends if we quit Formosa.

As you know, Red China considers Formosa Chinese territory, and has vowed to possess it one day. During the Korean War, President Truman declared it as policy that Formosa is vital to American security in the western Pacific, and three Presidents later this is still American policy.

One would doubt if every phase of sound American policy at a given time is invariably sound 14 years later, but the importance of an Ameri-

can-Japanese detente may make it so.

Notwithstanding, Chiang's pretended major power status on Formosa has long been an American headache, and can become a world headache if de Gaulle's recognition advances Red China to the doors of the United Nations. Chiang's survival depends on two factors: (1) support by the United States; (2) Chiang's theory that he can return to power on the mainland. But the factors are not interlocked, because there is no substantial belief in Washington or any other world capital that Chiang can return.

This leaves us on a limb Comrade Mao is pleased to shake occasionally. It is a melancholy thought that our grandchildren may be asked to guarantee the territorial integrity of a Formosan regime. We can't thank Mao for much, but we can thank him for reminding us that time will not stand motionless, even in Asia.

A Bookman's Notebook

Cannery Row to Get the 'Master Plan' Treatment

MONTEREY — John Steinbeck saw Cannery Row as "a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia . . ." I had been reading "Cannery Row" after some 20 years, and the other evening wandered down past Foam Street to look at the Row again. It is little more than a row of ear today — stripped of the vitality of the 1930s when Monterey was the greatest sardine fishery in the world, and not yet part of California's new society.

Obsolete, ungainly sheds of the sardine era block the view of this Bay of Pines, which Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sighted in 1542, and Sebastian Visciano touched in December of 1602, and Gaspar de Portola and Fra Junipero Serra founded as a mission in 1770. Steinbeck wrote of the Row in the 30s. Well, the sardines disappeared, the canneries went rusty, Steinbeck's characters died, disappeared or got prosperous and moved on.

In spite of a couple of restaurants, the inevitable antique shops, and the art-sty Steinbeck Theater, this is not the Row where "Doc" Ricketts held forth in his marine laboratory; where the girls from Dora's emerged for a bit of sun if there was any, or where Lee Chong's grocery was a miracle of supply, if not, as Steinbeck put it, a model of neatness.

Steinbeck's characters did not realize that by 1970 there would be X or Y mil-

lions of people jamming California. Neither did Steinbeck, when he simply opened these pages and the stories crawled out by themselves. You cannot block progress, as they call it, so Cannery Row's about to become a part of the new society. The old sow's ear will become a new Riviera.

The Cannery Row Master Plan looks good on paper. Retail, commercial, professional, industrial research, restaurant, apartment-motel complexes. Existing buildings will be "encouraged when feasible," in the language of the plan. There is little room for nostalgia in the new California . . . for Steinbeck's poem, stink and grating noise.

"Cannery whistles scream and all over the town men

and women scramble into their clothes and come running down to the Row to go to work . . . From the town pour Wops and Chinamen and Polaks, men and women in trousers and rubber coats and oilcloth aprons . . . The whole street rumbles and groans and screams and rattles while the silver rivers of fish pour out of the boats . . ."

The Master Plan, while beautiful, does not guarantee interesting people. I doubt that Steinbeck would write about the Row's proposed professional and motel society. Yet the Bay of Pines changes as California does. How did it used to be? This little novel (available in paperback) tells you in delightful style. It is tough, innocent, very Californian. And suddenly a footnote to history.

We Quote . . .

"A man's good breeding is the best security against another's bad manners.—John Maverick, Cherryvale (Kan.) Republican.

"Intelligence is no guarantee of creativity. It is not unreasonable to conclude that, if creativity has in all ages arisen in the face of opposition, it represents a rather fundamental and powerful human characteristic."—Dale Sipe, Santa Rosa (Calif.) Herald.

"Matrimony — an institute of learning in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and his wife acquires a masters." — Frieda J. Monger, Duluth (Minn.) Publicity.

"What is a town?" A town is people not politicians. When a town is politicians, it is because the ordinary people have removed themselves from any participation." — B. F. Roundtree, Tewksburg (Mass.) Merrimack Valley Advertiser.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

It's Time to Stop Help We're Giving to Sukarno

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA — At this report, the Federation of Malaysia, established last September, is the newest state in the world. It includes the old Federation of Malaya, the State of Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo, now known as Sabah. The small province of Brunei, wedged between Sarawak and Sabah, so far has declined to join the new federation and remains a sultanate under British protection.

Malaysia's Prime Minister Abdul Rahman, whom I saw attending a holiday celebration today, is the father of the Federation of Malaysia . . . and Indonesia's President Sukarno is its most bitter enemy.

The irony of it all is that the U.S. has given over \$50 million to pro-West Malaysia . . . while donating to Communist-leaning Sukarno nearly \$900 million in recent years, part of it now being used to undermine Malaysia and our other friends in Southeast Asia.

Sukarno permits the Communist mobs to threaten U.S. citizens in Djakarta . . . burns the embassy of Malaysia's sponsor, Britain . . . sends Indonesian guerillas into North Borneo . . . boycotts trade with Singapore . . . and from his recently occupied province of West New Guinea he now threatens Papua and even Australia.

The time has come for the U.S. to tell Sukarno off . . . to stop all financial aid to prevent more of his expansionist adventures. He has used much of our money to build a 350,000-man army and bought with our dollars ten squadrons of Soviet jets, Soviet destroyers, tanks and landing barges.

The first few days in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of new Malaysia, convinced this reporter that the federation is already a great success . . . prosperous beyond expectations . . . new foreign industries building huge installations . . . and a per capita income of \$300 a year, the highest in the Far East with the exception of Japan.

Malaysia is financially solvent, thanks to natural rubber which she exports to the tune of 42 per cent of the world's supply, or some 800,000 tons. The U.S. imports nearly one-third of this tonnage. She exports about 35 per cent of the world's tin, also palm oil, copra and timber.

The State of Singapore is, of course, an island just off the southern tip of Malaya and close to the Island of Sumatra, controlled by Indonesia.

In making the official rounds in Singapore, I found an uneasiness and concern not apparent on some dozen previous newsbeats. Its great university, headed a few years ago by one of the world's greatest Chinese scholars, author Dr. Lin Yu-

tang ("The Importance of Living"), is now under Communist control.

Between Communist China and its stooge Sukarno, Singapore is waiting the turn of history in Southeast Asia . . . meaning the outcome of the war in Vietnam. If we stop the Viet Cong (Communists) there, we stop the complete Red takeover of Singapore. If we fail, the failure will reflect into Thailand, Malaysia and all Southeast Asia and East.

One bright hope in the defense against communism is the Socialist People's Action party and its popular leader, Lee Kuan Yew, whom I met after my Rotary address.

He has at this writing ex-

posed all Communists from his party and denounced Peking for interference in Singapore. Lee is at present working closely with Prime Minister Rahman in Kuala Lumpur in the defense of Singapore against communism. Lee said, "to find rewarding work for our people . . . which we are doing. To create a massive housing program . . . which we are doing." I saw lots of evidence in Singapore that it's being done.

Some 82 per cent in Singapore are Chinese. Most of them are very proud of their heritage . . . and most of them are loyal to Chiang Kai-shek, who I plan to see in Formosa soon.

The overseas Chinese have a racial drive for economic independence and abhor regimentation. Any free election will prove overwhelmingly anti-Communist. But free elections are not in the calculations of Communist plans.

What happens in Vietnam in the ensuing months, more than anything else, will determine the fate of Singapore and the entire Federation of Malaysia.

Our Man Hoppe

'Femme Libre' Civilizes Congo

—Art Hoppe

Our self-sacrificing efforts to raise up the backward nations of Africa and teach them our civilized ways has not, I'm glad to report, gone for naught. The Congo has taken up prostitution.

In an on-the-spot story from Elisabethville, the London Observer says: "A new type of Congolese woman is developing known as the 'femme libre.'" Only she isn't exactly libre, because she costs \$28 an evening. But she's very much in demand by the rising young Congolese executive. As a status symbol.

The reason, says the Observer, is that most Congolese wives aren't up on which fork to use. So when a husband gets invited to a formal affair, he hires a femme libre who is well versed in etiquette. And things like that.

Consequently, engraved invitations in the Congo now say in the corner: "Les dames seront les bienvenues." "Which, loosely translated," says the Observer, "means 'bring a prostitute if your wife isn't presentable.'" And you can't get much looser than that.

So while we can all take pride in the progress being made, I do feel we should send over a few more Technical Assistance Missions to straighten out this status symbol business. Before every wife in the Congo is down on us. I can't see where a Technical Assistance Missionary would have any trouble convincing even the most backward tribal chieftan:

MISSIONARY: Look, old boy, you really must give up these femme libres. The proper thing is to take the wife out. Gives her a night off from slaving over the old cook pot, too.

CHIEF: Well, friend, I'd like to. But it's a question of status. She hasn't got a thing to wear. As you can plainly see.

MISSIONARY: You do, ha, ha, have a point there, Chief. But I'm sure we can fix her up as a fine status symbol. Now, let's see, in your tax bracket the wife's got to have a mink coat. You don't want people to sneer. And, of course, jewelry. Frankly, I'd say diamonds are a little too flashy for your income level, but a nice jade necklace will do fine. Now then, we'll put her through charm school. You know, lipstick, eye shadow, the deployment of the demi-tasse spoon, the whole works. Oh, you'll have a status symbol you can be proud of. And you'll save yourself 28 bucks an evening.

CHIEF: How much will all this cost?

MISSIONARY: Let's see. I'd say an initial investment of about ten grand. Plus upkeep. But it'll last a lifetime.

CHIEF: ((sighing)) Now I know why they call them femme libres.

Well, I suppose we may face a little sales resistance on the financial end. But, after all it's our mission in life to raise up these backward savages. And until we get them to wear the skins of dead animals, string polished rocks around their necks, paint their faces and observe the proper social taboos, we certainly never can call them civilized.

Morning Report:

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman is ridin' hard to the rescue of the country's cattlemen, who are, of course, sitting resolute and tall in their saddles. They are not surrounded by shooting Indians. Only by falling meat prices.

If you are a cattleman, this can be just as deadly. So Mr. Freeman, the new boy in blue from out Washington way, will buy up meat until the tag on a rib roast makes sense to the cattlemen.

Just the other day the Government people proclaimed how much money they would give us with a tax cut. I wonder how much of it we will have to give back at the butcher shop.

Abe Mellinkoff

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

By the grace of God I am what I am.—(1 Cor. 15:10).

There may be circumstances in which we feel that we cannot approve of our own actions or the actions of others. But even then, if we but permit it, the forgiving grace of God will help us to right the wrong and adjust that which needs adjustment.

My Neighbors



"I think I'm gonna be a drop-out."